Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 19, 1914 Number 12

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHICAGO

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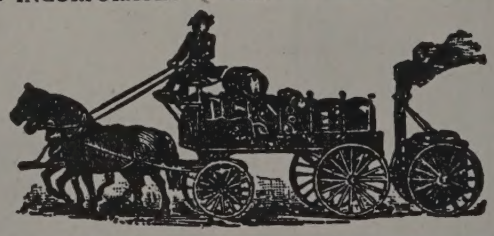

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1914. Number 12

ONE WAR ALONE TO BE

An Evolutionary Hymn

By James Harcourt West

Author of "Poems of Human Progress"

Saith Nature in the Present Age, "A new commandment give I unto you,— that ye love one another."

Nature, we needs must be
Wholly at one with Thee!
Feeble is hand or soul
Except in Thy control.

Time's tragic ages flow,—
Thy forces, climbing, grow!
Herein is hope for Man,
If he embrace Thy plan.

What though through epochs long
Might ruled, and flesh was strong!
(O shrieks of men that die!
O battle-blazing sky!)

Ye workers still of woe,
Hear Nature,—solemn, slow:
She speaks and bids you draw
Near to her feet in awe:—

"Children of pain and scorn,
Ye are My fairest born!
Though force were once My way,
Mine Now a nobler day!

"In Man, anew I rise!
From Self he turns his eyes—
And through his love and strength
I save his race at length!

"Mine Now to bind and lift;
Mine Now to heal the rift
Which sundered soul and soul—
Weak fragments of the Whole!

"Henceforth,—no lands at strife,
With lustful fury rife;
But might of all the world
'Gainst Giant Evils hurled.

"One war alone to be!
One war from sea to sea!—
Further to free Man's sight,
And stablish Love and Right!" . . .

Nature, Man yet shall be
Wholly at one with Thee,—
Shaping his toil and dream
To Thy vast Upward Scheme!

The World Peace Foundation, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, has issued, with the approval of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a suggestion for a systematic study of the Peace Movement with helpful references. Numerous useful pamphlets will be sent free on application and there is interesting information concerning certain prizes offered college women students and others in the line of research in this direction. Send for pamphlets.

Rev. Edward Cummings, successor to Edward Everett Hale, has recently preached on "A Spirit in Search of a Body." Starting with President Butler's thought of the "international mind," he calls for an adequate body for this mind. He said, "The missionary spirit, however insufficient everywhere, is undoubtedly stronger in the United States than anywhere else. If it is to be made stronger still it must be by exercise, and by enough exercise a commensurate body will come. It will not come if we are inert."

That life is not only growing longer but richer, finds concrete illustration in the recent celebration of the ninetieth birthday of the youthful Samuel S. Greeley of Winnetka, Illinois. Sixty out of the ninety years have been spent in Chicago, and still this man, who has played "Deacon" so long in the unrimmed church to which Unity belongs, goes every day to business

in Chicago. Mr. Greeley was one of Robert Collyer's right hand men. He has been friend and comrade to UNITY and its editor from the start, and in an interview as reported in a local paper he says: "Yes, I am a Unitarian, but as there is no church of that kind here I go to the Congregationalist Church, which is on a very broad plan and I enjoy it very much. It does not seem to me very different from the Unitarian." May the difference continue to be less and less and may Congregationalism be enriched by the love and support of such men as Mr. Greeley, and may such liberals as he find more and more congenial church homes.

The last achievement of the Krupp Works is pictured before us, a "Howitzer" siege gun weighing thirty-six tons to be drawn by forty horses. It has six ponderous wheels traveling on flexible pads. It is a double-barrel affair, the larger barrel throwing a projectile seventeen inches in diameter and weighing 1,800 pounds, carrying seven and a half miles. The pressure of explosion against the walls is 180 tons per square inch. The companion barrel is that of a short mortar for "high angle fire." The shells emit mysterious poisonous gases of greater expansive power than nitroglycerine. This monster wherein the highest achievement of mechanical science makes common cause with the most devilish lust of blood and destruction is said to have been "secretly constructed." Alas, what fell uses the cultivated brains and developed human skill are put to in these days. It is to be hoped that the skill displayed in creating this monster of destruction will yet be realized in making better telescopes and more far-reaching instruments of mercy. The making of these life destroyers may yet teach us how to make more efficient life preservers.

The *International Journal of Ethics,* of which Prof. James H. Tufts of the University of Chicago is managing editor, is enlarging its field by giving especial prominence to the problems of justice and the broader purposes of law which are now engaging the consideration of the more thoughtful lawyers and laymen. It also aims to organize its department of book notices in such a way as to give its readers a view of the important literature, other than fiction, which deals with the ethical aspects of life, whether directly or through legal, economic, political or sociological lines of approach. The editor of UNITY is glad to testify to the economic value of this journal to the busy teacher and preacher as well as father and mother who desire to keep in touch with the growing conscience of this day. Ethics is no longer to be regarded even by the busy men of affairs and society women as the special realm of the preacher and the peculiar charge of the church. Philosophy, art, politics are more and more included in the comprehensive realm of ethics. What isn't right is not good business, and what does not conduce to noble living is neither good art nor good philosophy.

The Women's Peace Committee of the Chicago Political Equality League is sending the following appeal to the State Presidents of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in the United States, hoping to reach through them all local clubs. They further hope that this cry of the American women will be echoed around the world. They ask for the co-operation of all earnest men and women. Further communication concerning this matter may be addressed to Miss Florence Holbrook, 562 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago:

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERCIA.

In great grief at the present terrible crisis of warfare among nations and at the anguish of the women of the world, we call upon you to consider our duty.

The motherhood of the world must demand and obtain for our children a world where life, freedom and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable rights.

War is death and destruction, peace is life and construction.

Let every woman declare her devotion to this cause, think, speak and work to create the spirit of universal peace.

Prove your allegiance to the cause of a world peace by signing this resolution and by promptly securing the signatures of all women for a monster petition to be used in time of mediation, voicing the will of the women of the United States that all international controversies be adjusted by a tribunal of arbitration.

We hereby pray the women of all other nations to join with us to make this a world-wide peace crusade.

WOMEN'S PEACE COMMITTEE
Of the Chicago Political Equality League.

G. Bernard Shaw seems to be about the only Englishman left who has insight to see and courage enough to declare the common guiltiness of the nations in this devastating holocaust of war. All the great powers involved in this war came into the fight red-handed. He says truthfully:

When the German fire eaters drank "to the day," they were drinking to the day of which the British Navy League fire eaters first said, "It's bound to come." Therefore let us have no more nonsense about the Prussian wolf and the British lamb, the Prussian Machiavelli and the English evangelist. We cannot shout for years that we are the boys of the bulldog breed and then suddenly pose as gazelles.

But Mr. Shaw, like H. G. Wells, sees in this war a war on war. He says:

We are supporting it. Why? As a war on war, on military coercion, on domineering and bullying, on brute force, on military law, on caste insolence, on what Mrs. Fawcett called "insensate deviltry," only to find the papers explaining apologetically that she as a lady had of course been alluding to a war made by foreigners and not by England.

No abiding peace, no solution of the Germanic, British or Slavic problem can be beaten out on the battlefield. Fighting may cease, but this war will not end until a community of interest is recognized and a frank confession of a community of sins, a federation of interest not only economic and academic, but a federation of military interests is agreed upon, and so far as armies and navies of the future are involved

they will belong to the international compact, marshaled by an international board, used for the enforcement of international interests, bargained for by international law.

Lombard College, at Galesburg, Illinois, in which is centered so much of the devotion and hope of the Universalist denomination, seems to be enjoying a reawakening with Dr. H. W. Hurt for a new president and Dr. Franklin J. Drake a new business manager. The equipment has been refreshed and enlarged, new educational aims have been awakened, the faculty has been reinforced and the number of students increased. Recently there was a visitation of Universalist clergymen from six different states, and a correspondent, quickened by the enthusiasm then generated, speaks of the "rebirth of the college under a leadership that has demonstrated that liberal institutions need not go out of business." We rejoice in all institutions of learning; we believe that the small college has a high function to perform and that at least for the first two years of college life oftentimes more can be attained by young boys and girls than in the larger institutions where the youngsters are in danger of being neglected or trampled under the feet of the "dons" higher up. But if Lombard College has a future it will lie in the fact that it is less and less a sectarian institution. If it can help interpret the word "Universalism" in terms of universal sympathies and non-doctrinal and non-denominational hospitalities, then Lombard will have an enlarging place in the educational life of the country. But we are wondering if some cloudless day the inside managers of Knox and Lombard colleges will not get together under the trees somewhere on a back street and devise a plan that will unite the forces, and Galesburg, instead of having two worthy colleges struggling for money to pay their professors inadequate salaries, will have one great, noble college, equal to the growing needs of the growing city of Galesburg, a city already rich in historic memories and academic triumphs. Meanwhile we congratulate the old college under the new régime and rejoice in the enlarging work under Dr. Hurt, such as would be expected under the circumstances.

Rev. Cyrus W. Heizer

Another faithful minister of love, a missionary of righteousness, is missed from the ranks. Only a few weeks ago the editor of UNITY sent a note of introduction to one of his Cornell boys to be delivered to the pastor of the Unitarian Church at Ithaca, New York. Presently word came from the student: "I went to the house to deliver your letter and found that the pastor had been buried a few days before. He seems to be a man much loved in the city and highly spoken of everywhere." Mr. Heizer has been known to the editor of UNITY throughout his career. He was an Iowa boy and worked his way into strength as western boys must. The following appreciative notice from the columns of the *Batavia Times* will tell the story better than we can. These later years, so rich in kindness and helpfulness, were just as might be expected from a youth devoted to study and modest efforts to serve.

The death of Rev. Cyrus W. Heizer of Ithaca, pastor of the Unitarian Church of that city, caused widespread sorrow. He was sixty-five years of age and had lived in Ithaca thirteen years. He was a man of many friends. He always took a deep interest in the life of Cornell students, and many came to know him and to love him for acts of kindness, good will and helpfulness.

Among those who at his funeral paid tributes of esteem to his worth as a man and a minister were Andrew D. White and Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of the university, both of whom recognized Mr. Heizer's influence for good through his friendship with students.

Mr. Heizer took an active interest in the civic life of Ithaca. He gave a conscientious regard to the duties of citizenship. At the time of his death he was the candidate of the Progressive party for the office of assemblyman. The Ithaca Business Men's Association, the City Hospital, and the George Junior Republic at Freeville each lost a good friend and supporter when Mr. Heizer died.

Mr. Heizer believed that it was the duty of a liberal church to be liberal, and he made the pulpit of the Unitarian Church of Ithaca a free platform, dedicated to progressive thought, social justice, and political, moral and religious reforms. And so his church became a positive force, which stirred the intellectual life of the community, promoted a spirit of toleration toward new ideas and new ideals, and gave an impulse to high thinking and right living.

Mr. Heizer made much of the social side of church life. His kind heart and ready sympathy made him a good friend and counselor to the members of his congregation and promoted fraternal sentiment among them. He was himself a living sermon of the truths to be taught in his pulpit.

SO COMES THE KING

A fragile spray and then a yellow bloom,
  A single day of gold; and ere 'tis eve
The yellow leaflets fold in pink. The loom
  Of night its sable mysteries will weave;
And 'mong them at the dawn the flower glows
Crimson and closed as 'twere the bud of rose.

Then with the season grows the emerald boll,
  From out whose bosom bursts the snowy locks,
The life and hope—the Body and the Soul
  Of something greater than the mines and flocks
Of all the land; a power and a wealth
Leading a train of fortune and of health.

This is the birth of Cotton, who was King,
  And royal yet, although his realm and state
No more with song and chivalry shall ring;
  But on his moods the Lords of Commerce wait;
He clothes the world and feeds the hungry mouth
Of humble folk. He glorifies the South.

—*Col. William L. Visscher, in "Poems of the South."*

One of the strangest cargoes ever carried on the sea was a shipload of bees recently sent from Holland to the Isle of Wight, England, where the native bees are threatened with distinction by disease. Experiments have shown that the Dutch bees are hardier than the native bees of England, and it is believed that by this means the disease can be stamped out and the industry saved from serious injury. The cargo consisted of 3,000 hives containing about 10,000,000 bees.

Popular Mechanics.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXII

HOME LIFE IN THE MANSION ON THE EVE OF THE WAR. AS A VISITOR BEHELD IT.

The Diary:

April 11, 1861. Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Sally Holly and Miss Putnam arrive this evening. April 12. Mrs. Macready arrives.

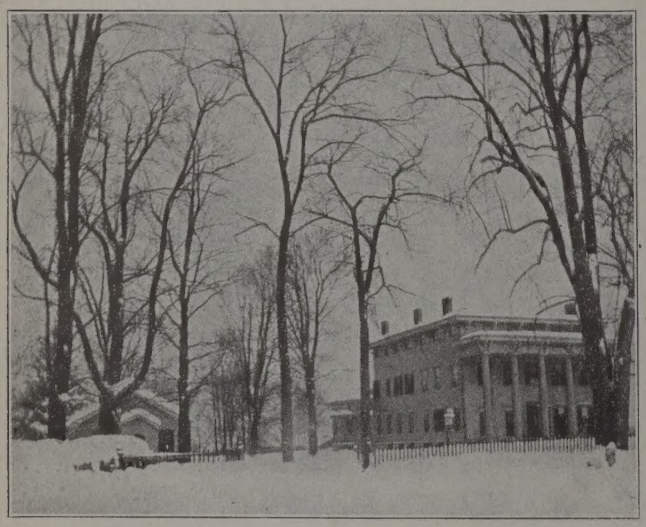
Miss Putnam writes to a friend:

Gerrit Smith's, Peterboro, April 13, 1861.

My Dear A.:

I am very happy to send you a birthday token from this delightful spot. I only wish you could share our visit amid all this exquisite hospitality, the sweet kindness, the freedom that reign here. This is our second day and I feel already that the visit is going to be one of the pleasantest events in my life.

We left Albany Thursday morning, and at Canastota Mr. Smith's man was ready with an open carriage. There, too, arrived another lady from Syracuse, Mrs. ——, an accomplished woman, a relative of Washington Irving's. As we rode toward Peterboro, Mrs. —— beguiled the way with interesting talk of her recent travels in Texas. Among other things, she said that she knew ladies who were in the greatest terror of an insurrection among their own slaves.



THE GERRIT SMITH MANSION
After a Snow Storm
Christmas Day, 1913

About half a mile from Peterboro we saw a small party on foot coming toward us. It proved to be Mr. Smith and Mrs. Miller, his only daughter, with her husband. They welcomed us in kindest manner.

Soon we were sat down at the door of the grand old mansion, where Mrs. Smith met us with a beautiful greeting, kissing Miss Holly at the hall door and again on showing us into our large, pleasant room. She remembered seeing me at Eagleswood three years ago.

I wish you could see her in her simple, tasteful dress of some linen or cambric material, with a little spot on the white ground, a plain lace under-kerchief and a little white merino shawl with a white ribbon border over her shoulders. But what was prettiest of all, a purple, lily-like flower in a green sprig pinned on her dress where it fastened below her kerchief. . . . . .

Mrs. S. sat at the head of the table. At her left, Mrs. B.; then Greene Smith, the only son, just 19; Mr. Miller next. That was the middle of the table at the side. Beyond him was Mr. Jarnacque, a Hungarian gentleman, Greene's tutor in French, Spanish and German. Now we are at the foot of the table, where Mr. Smith presides. Miss Holly sits next him, I next her and by my side is little Nannie Miller, the only grand-daughter, five or six years old; and her mother last, at Mrs. Smith's right.

Talking went on at the table, as we sat, until dark, when Joseph carried the tall, astral lamp into the parlor, where we passed a very agreeable evening in conversation, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. B. and Mr. Miller singing at the piano several delightful songs. One of the songs was by James Freeman Clarke. It was written for Mrs. C. before her marriage, and begins,—

When shall we meet again, dearest and best,
I going eastward, thou going west?

Mrs. Smith remarked that George William Curtis gave her the music.

Mrs. Smith brought from the library her copy of Emerson's poems, opening to "The Rhodora." The rhodoras which Miss Holly sent her three years ago, from Worcester, Mass., had been laid between the leaves next the poem. Mrs. Smith said they were the only specimens of the flower she had ever seen.

(There was a simple, earnest religious service before the members of the family and their guests separated for the night, and a similar service the next morning.)

After breakfast every one took his own way quite freely. I came up to our room and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Dall. Some of the people took horseback rides; others carriage rides. . . . Miss Holly and I took a walk over the grounds. As we came in Mrs. Miller met us, saying her father would be happy to have us walk with him. So we went to The Grove, where they formerly lived, three miles to go and come. How interestingly he talked all the way! He told us of his father's coming in 1791; of his purchase of 40,000 acres of land from the Indians, and his partnership with J. J. Astor.

When we came in, tea was waiting, and two more guests had been added to the circle, Mrs. Macready, the same who read to the Prince of Wales and his suite at Prince Edward's Island, when they first arrived in the British provinces last fall. With Mrs. M. was a gentleman, her friend.

. . . . I had a nice talk with Greene about birds. He is very fond of hunting and likes ornithology. . . . . .

The gardener is George Schiller, and the great German poet's blood flows in his veins.

Saturday we had another long walk with Mr. Smith. We visited the grapery, which is very extensive. . . . Next he piloted us to the little park where Jenny, the deer, lives. She licked our hands. Then we went to view the barn, where were all manner of sleighs, saddles and carriages. . . . .

In almost every prayer Mr. Smith says: "Be with our beloved ones, wherever they are. May they love to do right and find rest in Thee."

Monday morning. Yesterday morning we all went to the little church built for a free meeting by Mr. Smith. He says it cost him just $600. There were banners for the Sunday School children, with mottoes on the walls. Over the desk were Coleridge's lines from "The Ancient Mariner":

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Mr. Smith read a long discourse on "Miracles." It will be printed in the *Tribune*, and I hope you will read it.

Mrs. Miller keeps the Sunday School in her charge.

There was an afternoon meeting for the discussion of the morning's discourse, and very freely were both sides defended by a number of persons. . . . At dinner Mrs. Smith said: "We use no wine in our cookery, and the jelly is flavored with lemon or orange." This apropos of some remarks by Mrs. Macready, praising the flavor of the jellies.

In the evening quite a company of village neighbors were invited in to share the entertainment of hearing Mrs. Macready recite some poems, and Mrs. B. sing and play the piano. The recitals were dramatic and very excellent—next to Fanny Kemble's of all I have ever heard.

This ended our Sunday. Mr. Jarnacque invited me to join his German class, and Monday morning, after breakfast, Mr. S. asked me to look out the lesson with him in the library, for he is studying German, too, and reciting with his children, Mrs. Miller and Greene.

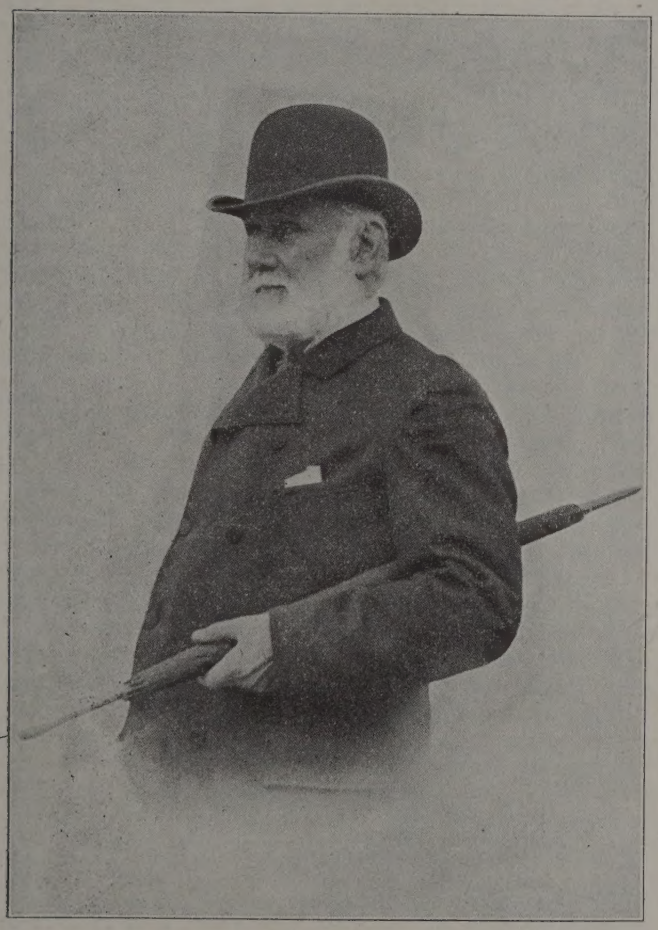
After dinner Greene took Miss Holly and me up to his room in the third story, appropriated to large cases of stuffed birds, all game birds—grouse, which include a great variety of

partridges, quails and pheasants, and ever so many kinds of ducks. I was especially delighted with a little quail or partridge from Texas, with a double plume; also the California quail, both rare.

He showed us his trapper's suit of buckskin. He himself shot the buck from which it was taken. Last summer he was shooting on the prairies at the same time as the Prince of Wales. He didn't think much of the Prince's shooting, he told me.

Greene has a number of fine fowling pieces, all kept in prime order. A splendid elk's antlers grace his room, and a pair of deer horns with seventeen antlers that he is very proud of.

In the evening Mr. Miller read some poetry from a sort of family album, about little home incidents. One piece was by Mr. S. on a story related of Nanny Miller. Once she was naughty, and her mother told her that her "flag was down," alluding to the banners the Sunday School children



COL. CHARLES DUDLEY MILLER

Col. and Mrs. Miller occupied the mansion in Peterboro for a part of the time during which Gerrit Smith and other members of the family were living at The Grove. There, as later in their home, Lochland, Geneva, they were dispensers of a broad, generous hospitality.

carry. Nanny retorted, "Well, mother, your flag is down sometimes," but instantly added, "God's flag is never down!" It was the child's own thought. She is but five now, and was younger then. Gerrit Smith made a beautiful lesson of it in some verses.

It is now Tuesday night and has been snowing a little all day; but time flies pleasantly in talking, reading and many ways, all is so like enchantment here. Mrs. Macready and Mrs. B. went away this afternoon, and tomorrow is our last day in this Paradise.

Wednesday Morning. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Miller talk a great deal about the war news, and when the mail comes each evening at 6 o'clock there is anxious inquiry, "What has happened now?"

Would to heaven that next Fourth of July shall prove a real Day of Jubilee to the slaves!

The New York *Herald* came last night—out against the Secessionists. A rich Democrat in a neighboring town has got converted so far, by the attack on Fort Sumter as to wish Government would part arms into the hands of the slaves .

In our room where I write, over the looking glass on the bureau, hangs, in an oval gilt frame, a photograph likeness of John Brown, inscribed in his own hand-writing, "Farewell; God bless you. John Brown." Little branches of white cedar are twined about the frame as if to keep green the memory of the great and noble man.

The writer of this letter, with her friend, Sally Holly (daughter of the philanthropist, Norman Holly), engaged promptly in the work of teaching the freed negroes in the South, after the war. The two were among the most successful of such teachers. That they were forced to contend with some obstacles, the letter which follows, written more than nine years after the close of the civil struggle, conclusively shows:

Holly School, Lottsburgh,
Northumberland County, Virginia, Nov. 23, 1874.

Mr. Harper (of Harper and Bros.):

Dear Sir:—Our school owes you an unspeakable debt of gratitude for your gift, nearly six years ago, through Miss Holly, of a set of "The Object Lesson Charts."

These beautiful charts were our constant and valuable aid in instruction until last June, when the rebel hate and persecution of our work of education of these freedmen culminated in the destruction of these charts and all our books, maps, etc., which were torn down from the walls and thrown away. The school house was seized by this mob violence from its rightful owners, the freedmen, and our excellent school broken up.

With a fund contributed by a few noble-hearted Northern friends,* Miss Holly and I have succeeded in building a better school house on our own lot. And we shall be able to re-open school to our eager pupils.

We shall so sadly miss the charts that I do not see how we can do without them, and I am moved to appeal to your benevolent kindness to ask if you will not make a donation of another set that we may hang upon our new walls, for the delight and improvement of these colored children and their parents, who are always learning from them.

Many of the white Virginians, too, who visit our school and attend its celebrations of national holidays are indirectly enlightened and benefitted by the sight of the object lessons.

I earnestly hope you will generously repair our desolation by sending us again the charts, that we may go on with our mission—as we hope we shall—more vigorously and prosperously than ever.

Very sincerely and respectfully,
CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

Harper and Brothers sent the charts.

SCATTERED ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM THE DIARY.

October 22, 1848. My dear wife and I left last Monday afternoon for Oswego. We traveled on the Oswego and Syracuse Railway and reached Oswego a little before 8 in the evening.

Innumerable trips to Oswego had been made since the visit in 1827, when Gerrit Smith made his first investment in the (at that date) little village. The means of transportation hitherto had been by carriage, sleigh or canal boat.

Mr. Smith Receives an Appointment to Office.

March 6, 1849. I was made Path-master today. This is the first civil office ever conferred on me.

One runs no risk in assuming that the work connected with the office was well and conscientiously done.

Testimonial from Negroes.

November 8, 1849. Mr. John Brown (not the famous person of that name), and Mr. A. H. Francis, and the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet dine with us. Mr. Brown remains

all night. Mr. Francis is the bearer of a silver pitcher, which the colored ladies of Buffalo have had made for the purpose of presenting to me.

The pitcher was presented with some formality on the 12th, and in the presence of a number of guests and neighbors assembled at the Grove. Mr. Francis and Mr. Garnet made addresses.

A Learned Gardener.

To Rev. S. J. May:

Peterboro, April, 15, '55.

I hoped you would have sent me a good gardener by this time. Do send me such an one as soon as you can. I can agree with him as to wages if I like him.

An admirer of Mr. May's had dubbed him "The Lord's Chore Boy," for his unwearying activities in behalf of every cause and every individual that appealed to him. The selection of a gardener might seem to be a bit out of the line of the labors of a preacher, philanthropist, educator, scholar and reformer; but it seems not to have been. Indeed, he was able to accommodate his friend in an uncommonly satisfactory manner. Four days after making the appeal, Mr. Smith writes:

Dear Dr. May:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for sending me a gardener. I have no doubt that I shall be pleased with him. Are you aware that he is a scholar? He reads French, Latin, Greek. He was present just now when I was hearing my son's lesson in Latin. I gave up the book to the gardener, satisfied that he is a tenfold better Latin scholar than I am. He is an accurate scholar.

I asked him what wages he must have. He replied that he had $6 a month last fall, but was then a stranger and sick. I asked him if he would be content with $15 a month and I pay for his board and washing. He quickly replied that he would. He will have Saturday for a rest day, according to my custom with my laborers.

Say about June, when the flowers begin to show themselves, you and your wife must come and see what kind of a gardener you sent me.

A Neighborhood Party.

March 7, 1856. We were desirous to get our neighbors together in a pleasant party under our roof. We invited 108 to take tea with us last evening, none of whom live more than a half mile from our house. A furious snowstorm set in just before night, and of the 108 but 40 came. The roads were never more blocked with snow.

Death of James G. Birney.

During Mr. Smith's sickness in New York with typhoid fever, in the fall of 1857, Mr. Birney passed away. The Diary mentions the death briefly but feelingly:

My dear and excellent brother-in-law, James Gillespie Birney, died 24th November. Beautiful was his life and not less beautiful his death.

A GROUP OF THRILLING INCIDENTS IN MR. BIRNEY'S CAREER.

Mr. Birney's memory was well entitled to this encomium. If, as an anti-slavery hero, he escaped martyrdom, it was from no timid shrinking on his part from the consequences of the attitude he had assumed. At a time when his personal danger was greatest, he wrote to a friend: "If I fall in this cause, I trust it will bring hundreds to supply my place." And, writing in regard to threats against his liberty and life, which were frequently reaching him, he declared:

I know not whether the ferocity of the slaveholders and their confederates here will lead them to attempt the seizure and deportation to the South of my person, or whether they will attempt a sudden and still more effectual removal of me. If such a thing should be *permitted,* I must of course look on it as the way which an infinitely wise God has appointed for me, as the part I am to act in the great revolution, which he has set on foot for the liberation of the oppressed of our land.

After changing his residence from Danville, Kentucky, to Cincinnati, expecting to be able to publish his paper in a free state without molestation, Mr. Birney found the opposition to his designs no less strong than it had been in a slave state. Cincinnati is intimately connected with the South, particularly Kentucky, in a business and social manner. It is not at all to be wondered at that its leading citizens were adverse to having the city made in any way an abolition center, owing to the offence it must necessarily give to the friends across the river. They were prompt in notifying Mr. Birney that he could not establish his abolition press there. For a time the journal was printed in the village of New Richmond, where the sentiment in favor of free speech and a free press was strong. Even in New Richmond the office was threatened with destruction, but leading citizens pledged themselves to see that lawlessness was not premitted.

In 1836, Mr. Birney having found in Mr. Achilles Pugh of Cincinnati a man of equally heroic mould with himself, who as a practical printer was willing to undertake the publication of the *Philanthropist,* the paper was moved to the city. The undertaking broke up the firm in which Mr. Pugh was partner, as his associate would have nothing to do with so dangerous a business. No rooms could be rented in the business section, and Mr. Pugh erected a building for an office on the rear of his residence on Walnut Street. There the work was done.

Editor and publisher were immediately made targets for warnings and threats. Citizens of Kentucky caused handbills to be printed and posted offering a reward for the delivery of "one James G. Birney, a fugitive from justice, from old Kntucky," who was described as "of white complexion but black heart."

Finally the opposition culminated in a great public meeting; a meeting, to quote the Cincinnati *Republican,* "based upon a call for members of all parties, classes, distinctions and callings." It was indeed "an eminently respectable" gathering.

There were "judges, merchants, lawyers, divines, physicians and the most respectable tradesmen and citizens of every class. There were Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and members of almost every religious denomination. There were Jackson and Harrison men, and men of all political parties, all assembled for the same purpose, and intent on accomplishing the same object—the expression of their abhorrence of the diabolical doctrines of the abolitionists."

The meeting was held in the Court House, which could not begin to hold the people. After every available square foot had been occupied, a crowd estimated at four thousand surged about the building in the square in front. It was an ugly throng, with all its vaunted respectability, ready for any mischief, and the speeches were not calculated to calm the lawless passions with which people had assembled. Just at the time when the mood of the great audience was most savage, "A good-looking man, past the meridian of life, with hair somewhat gray, rose and said: 'My name is BIRNEY. May I be heard?'" For a moment the crowd was so taken aback that there was dead silence. Then yells and threats rent the air. "Down with him!" "Kill him!" "Tar and feather him!" were some of the appeals that were shouted by maddened

men amongst the throng. Mr. Birney stood unmoved, waiting for the riotous tumult to subside. His bearing, so quietly heroic, facing a gathering that had at his appearance instantly become a wild mob, impressed some of the less violent, and Gen. Lytle sprang to his feet and shouted to the people: "Hear before you strike!" At this interruption the throng became quiet and Mr. Birney proceeded to defend himself. One paragraph only from his brief speech shall we transfer to our pages. He had been accused of being an enemy of the South; as engaged in a conspiracy against the peace and safety of the homes of his native section. He said with reference to these charges:

I am not indifferent to the safety of my fellow citizens of the South. I was born in the South—have spent my life there—have a numerous beloved kindred who hold slaves. To their safety I am not indifferent, and I certainly should pursue no course which would be likely to put them in peril.

"I consider,' he went on to say, "that the ultimate safety of the South is in danger far more from perpetual slavery than from its abolition. See how the blacks increase upon the whites. This disproportionate increase of blacks will finally bring the very catastrophe which is now dreaded. It may be slow, but it will come if slavery is perpetuated. I desire to save my fellow citizens of the South and my country from the horrors of that day."

He expressed confidence that such appeals to his Southern friends as he should make would not be vain. Such appeals had reached his own conscience and influenced his conduct. Why should not others be influenced by similar means?

Mr. Birney left the Court House without violence being offered him, but as a result of the encouragement given to the lawless by this meeting, Mr. Pugh's printing establishment was dismantled by a riotous mob, everything inflammable burned in the street, while the press was dragged to the river, a distance of a half-mile, loaded into a skiff, rowed out to the middle of the stream and dumped overboard.

The following night, which was Sunday, a mob descended upon the Franklin House, the hotel in which Mr. Birney was temporarily boarding during Mrs. Birney's absence from town, and demanded that he be surrendered to them. They were informed that he was not in the building. Not satisfied with this information they demanded permission to search the house, which they did. It happened that the object of all this popular hate was in Hillsboro, where he was filling a lecture engagement; so he escaped their fury.

Mr. Pugh, who was as brave as a lion and full of grit, bought a new press and set it up in his job office, corner of Seventh and Main streets.

"At sundown on the night of the 29th," says Howe in his Historical Collections of Ohio, "a second mob broke into his office, pitched type cases and presses into the street, and were about to set the heap on fire when the Mayor, Samuel W. Davies, mounted the pile and addressed the mob. He complimented them for what they had done, but advised against burning, as the fire would endanger nearby property. Thereupon a rope was fastened to the press, it was hauled through the streets and cast into the river."

The Philanthropist was printed after this second eruption of destruction in Springboro for a time by Mr. Pugh. He was a large, strong man, and though he was constantly threatened with violence, people stood in wholesome respect before his strong muscles, and he escaped harm.

Mr. Birney, while a man of deep convictions, as his whole course abundantly proved, exercised the utmost charity in dealing with those with whom he differed. None could have tried harder to be true to the Apostolic injunction, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, be at peace with all men." His most unforgiving opponents were treated by him with chivalrous respect

A Pretty Bit of Sentiment.

December 10, 1857. About noon Mrs. McKnight and her daughter, Miss Cronan, arrive. They say that they reside in Brooklyn. It turns out that the great object of these ladies in visiting us was to ascertain whether I am the person whom, in my infancy, Mrs. McKnight carried in her arms through the night, I being sick.

She is a daughter of Martin I. Van Alstyne, who kept a tavern five miles below Little Falls. She is now 72 years old. This carrying of me occurred at her father's house when she was 14 years old. My father and mother spent the night there. My mother was sick. My father paid her in the morning a silver dollar. My "mether was a very handsome lady and wore a pretty calico dress with a small diamond figure."

December 11. Mrs. McKnight and her daughter leave at half past 10 a. m. They are visiting friends at Clockville.

Memory of Andrew Jackson.

January 8, 1858. This is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, in 1815. Thirty-three years this morning, I walked with Gen. Jackson in Washington and conversed with him regarding that battle. The evening of that day I met him at Gen. Jacob Brown's.

A Work of Human Fiends.

March 4, 1858. The poor girl of Syracuse, whose person was so outraged some three years ago by a gang of vile, lustful scoundrels, comes to our house this noon. Her name is —— —— ——. March 5. My beloved wife goes to Rochester today. The poor Syracuse girl goes with her. She was born in England, 25 December, 1836. She came to New York September 2, 1854. Her address is care of Mrs. ——. It is safer to send under cover to Mrs. ——.

Hevenly hospitality of that Peterboro home! How many of earth's bruised and stricken, homeless and friendless ones sought its shelter. To none was its door ever closed. To all was the same heartfelt welcome and healing kindness shown.

Death of Peter Skenandoah Smith.

May 7, 1858. A telegram announces the death last night of my brother, Peter Skenandoah, in Springfield, Mass. I believe he has gone to heaven. His heart was one of love to God and man.

A Burglary.

July 7, 1858. My office was broken open this morning at half-past one. My dear wife heard the explosion of the safe. About $100 in money was taken. The only paper missed is a bond for $500 with coupons attached.

Enter the Modern Base Ball Club.

August 27, 1858. The Cazenovia Ball Players and their band of music came in at half-past 6 p. m. to eat cake, etc.

This marks very nearly the beginning of modern base ball. It was at this stage a real game and not a battle, played for the pure fun there was in it, and not for the gate receipts. Professionalism had not even been thought of in connection with the game.

In the Free Church. A Negro Praying.

Lord, let thy Spirit come down upon this place with such power that not a dog in all Peterboro will be able to wag his tail!

Rome and Saint Paul.

A negro in the cars, passing through Rome, on the New York Central, inquired soberly of Mr. Smith, "Is this the city, sir, near which Saint Paul was shipwrecked?"

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(Written by Mrs. Stanton in Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller's scrapbook.)

MY GRACE.

Heavenly Father and Mother, make us thankful for all the blessings of this life, and make us ever mindful of the patient hands that oft in weariness spread our tables and prepare our daily food; for Humanity's sake. Amen.

Often in my western travels, in noticing the over-taxed women who came exhausted to the meals they had prepared, and for which they had no recognition, but all the glory given to God, as if the meals came down like manna from heaven. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Concerning the Lessons on the Apocrypha

The following suggestive and welcome criticism of the "Lessons on the Apochrypha," in process of publication in UNITY, comes to us from our valued friend, Rev. Max Landsberg, a Rabbi in Rochester, a representative of Judaism both learned and liberal. The lessons as reported in UNITY are necessarily inadequate, and on account of brevity and the passing through the hands of other editors the thought of the original lesson is sometimes distorted. When the lesson on the Talmud is reached in the publication probably our friend's strictures will be uncalled for. The thought of the teacher in this connection was that there is much "rabbinical rubbish in the Talmud," in which is imbedded many nuggets of pure gold in the way of refinings and elaborations of rules which is most clearly brought out by the progressive Jewish rabbis themselves. It is the mission of reformed Judaism, as we see it, to release Judaism from Talmudic refinements and technical interpretations of the Torah that the ethical message of the prophets and the lofty spirituality of the Psalms and other "Writings" may be felt and appreciated in the modern life not only of Jew but of Gentile. The pamphlet asked for will soon be received from the press. The lessons on the Apochryphal period are obviously too inadequate to be put into book form, but we wish Dr. Landsberg or some other student of this period would edit the same, adding such supplementary references and suggestions as the practical limitations of a handbook of this kind would permit. Such a publication of the lessons might prove of use to Sunday Schools, Bible classes and clubs in many Jewish as well as liberal Christian congregations.—*Editor.*

I love UNITY, read it carefully every week and draw much inspiration from it. Your Sunday School Lessons on the Apochryphal Literature have interested me very much. This too much neglected literature shows clearly how the Jewish religion, just before and after the beginning of the Christian religion, by union with the Greek spirit expanded into broad universalism, a movement interrupted by the harsh treatment of the Jews after their defeat by the Romans; but more so by Christianity, which narrowed the Jewish great missionary work by introducing in place of the comparatively harmless ceremonies a very exclusive creed as necessary for salvation. However, the "continuous stream of inspiration" was not "shut off among the Jews by the adoption of the canon of the Old Testament," as you say in the lesson about Baruch, but only led into a different channel. Besides the priests had nothing to do with the closing of the canon. This happened certainly not before the second century after Christ, and probably later. It is my opinion that it was done in order to prevent Christians, most of whom were then Jews and worshipping in the synagogues, from reading New Testament writings at the services. It appears from the Talmud that at a very late period the Canon was not yet fixed. This very Talmud, by conscientiously recording all dissenting opinions, gives to the scholar who knows how to read it a clear and very interesting account of the further not only ceremonial but spiritual development of Judaism, and I was startled to see your sweeping condemnation by saying that the period following the destruction of Jerusalem "is represented by much rabbinical rubbish in the Talmud." Such judgments have been popular by those scholars who could not read a word of it and were only guided by prejudice. All that existed of the Talmud in the third century after Christ was the Mishna, published about 200, and a number of ethical commentaries of the Bible, called Midrashim, full of the old prophetic inspiration. This is now recognized even by enlightened Christian theologians whose scholarship enables them to form an intelligent opinion, like R. Travers Herford in his work on the Pharisees, which I recommend to you to read if you have not done so as yet. I trust you will excuse my frank criticism, as I know you are an honest truth seeker.

In conclusion I venture to ask you for a copy of your seven-year course for religious classes, "The History and Practice of Religion." Please let me know the price and I will remit it. If your lessons on the Apochryphal Period will be published in book form I wish to subscribe for it.

The Graded System for Sunday Schools Again

The following from a private letter of an active and efficient pastor is of too great value to be filed away among our personal correspondence. It is one more evidence that the last word has not been said about so-called Sunday School Instruction. The very word "School" "queers" the work, in many minds, that ought to be done with children on Sunday and in church. We will be glad to hear from others concerning this matter. An edition of the pamphlet asked for for the general trade is now on the press and will be ready for delivery probably by the first of December:

Your editorial on the comparative merits of the one lesson system and the graded system interests me. Although many assume that the adoption of the graded systems means progress, I am not so sure, especially in the case of the small schools. Is it not possibly unfortunate that our Sunday gatherings for children are called schools? For the inference is that the nearer they are to the day schools, the more perfect they are. This I believe to be a mistake. Further, while some system is necessary in handling the masses of children who attend the public school, the tendency is to grade finer and finer, i. e., to approach individual treatment. Every system does some violence to life, and we should not have more of it than is necessary. What you say of the value of inspiration, of impression, of a sense of togetherness, of the stimulation of the religious nature of the child, is not likely to be appreciated at full value by those who think of a Sunday School as primarily a place for conveying religious instruction. It would be, I think, possible for a group of Sunday School children to acquire the knowledge of a whole divinity faculty and yet receive no religious culture whatever.

I am not against the graded system. Indeed, I hope the new series of lessons which is being prepared by the Religious Education Department of the American Unitarian Association will be superior to anything that has yet appeared, and also that it will be thoroughly tried out. We can only find out by experiment. My

experience with small schools, however, has been much the same as yours. I should like to have a copy of the pamphlet mentioned in the editorial.

A Robert Collyer Biograghy

To the Editor:—

Dear Sir: At the request of the members of the Collyer family I have undertaken to write the biography of Robert Collyer. This biography, I am convinced, will have the interest and value which should attach to so rare a personality and so great a teacher, just to the extent to which the Doctor himself is permitted to tell his own story in his own inimitable words. The "Life and Letters" must be mainly "Letters," or a "Life in Letters," and thus a kind of extended and glorified edition of the "Some Memories."

To this end may I herewith ask any of your readers who may have letters from Dr. Collyer in their possession to send them to me at the address given below? I am particularly eager to have early letters from his pen, covering his life in England and Pennsylvania. Such letters as are sent to me I shall have to retain for quite a period, as my time for this work is extremely limited; but I can promise that they will be carefully safeguarded and returned.

Other material bearing upon Dr. Collyer's life, such as pictures, newspaper clippings, circulars, church notices, rare copies of sermons and lectures, etc., will be welcomed. The more this biography can be made the work of those who loved Dr. Collyer in his lifetime and now revere his memory, the better.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

In the Vanguard—Katrina Trask

To the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand.

Bernard Shaw.

In a three act play published by Macmillan Co., Katrina Trask, like Charles Rann Kennedy, has told in dramatic form the story of the soldier who, while engaged in his ugly business, suddenly realizes that he has miscalled his profession. Like the "Captain" who declares himself a murderer, Philip, the hero and leader in the vanguard, kneeling beside his enemy who has died with the words "Universal Brotherhood" on his lips, quietly announces: "He is my brother, I have killed him." This follows several very matter-of-fact speeches of the dying enemy, including such statements as one finds in a Peace Society's program:

"Killing is against the law—the law of God—the law of society—the inner law of conscience. Calling it fine names doesn't change it. It has been murder in the first degree, for it was intent. Every shot the enemy fired was intended—aimed—planned to kill, and I was a part of each purpose—each intent. Now don't you see we can't both be right. We can't both be working for a true principle. It's tommy-rot. You kill me for righteousness and I kill you for righteousness. Don't you see it's silly? Don't you see that the only thing that might justify murder becomes its condemnation? If you and I each honestly thought we were morally right, then it was a matter for arbitration, not for murder."

After this and similar convincing arguments, Philip, realizing the side of moral right, abandons his military advancement, and in the face of cries of "Traitor" from his former comrades, finishes his term of service by bravely carrying the colors. The author brings out the heroic side of the man's nature, not so much in those days spent with the taunting soldiers in camp, as when he returns to his home to receive the cold, formal greeting of his friends, the bitter censure of his father, and, hardest of all, the gentle forbearance of the mother who tries to hide her keen disappointment and welcome him still because he is her son. As in many similar situations, the fact that the girl he loves has also "seen the vision" and is ready to enlist in his vanguard, seems ample recompense for the severe condemnation of parents and friends.

Whatever one might say of its ordinary diction and of its somewhat weak dramatic structure, like the "War God," the "Terrible Meek" and other productions, "In the Vanguard" is one more tangible protest against the institution which permits civilized, nay cultured Europe, today to continue the ways of the savage in his method of compelling others to recognize his right to local supremacy. It is Carver in his "Sociology and Social Progress" who analyzes the forces which first operated to make war the "noble business" it is still regarded by those patriotic souls who heroically sacrifice sons and husbands for the glorious Fatherland:

One of the greatest virtues of the human mind is its ability to persuade itself that what is necessary is noble, or dignified, or honorable, or pleasant. For example, the greater part of the human race has been forced to live under conditions of almost incessant warfare. War, being a necessity from which there was no escape, it was of great advantage to early people to be able to glorify it, and to persuade themselves that it was a noble calling; in other words, a good in itself. In the first place, this tended to relieve the mental distress which must otherwise have been the lot of those living in constant apprehension of so hideous and in every way loathsome a thing as war. Again, the strength of any given tribe in warfare would be greatly increased by the fact that war had been glorified and a warrior held in high esteem and honor. This would make better warriors of its honor-loving men. It would make war the goal and ambition of its youth. While for the human race as a whole this doubtless worked incalculable harm, yet for each individual tribe, being unable to free itself from the necessities of war, this was a great resource.

The worthy cause for which Katrina Trask has chosen to work cannot but benefit by her efforts. May she be a worthy successor to the Baroness von Suttner.

CAROL DOROTHY KUHNS.

SKY BATTLES.

The hosts of rain rush into war tonight;
Its cavalry charges, mounted on the wind,
Its far artillery rolls and roars, behind,
Before, on every side—from depth to height,
The sky is all confusion, conflict, flight,
And close pursuit, like madness in the mind.
The arrows of the lightning, golden-twined,
Now here, now there, shoot in sky-branching flight.

But would all battles were as is the rain's,
Which wakes to life, nor strews the field with dead—
Covering blue-topped hills, fresh groves, wide plains
With springing hosts of flowers and grass instead,
While every drop that greets the morning's eyes
Shines like a jewel lost from paradise.

—*Harry Kemp.*

From Smart Set, October, 1914.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXXII.
The Letter of Aristeas, Book of Adam and Eve, The Pirkē Aboth and Ahikar

Today we close our lessons on the literature in which Hebrew inspiration impinges on Greek culture, the result being not more Hebrew or more Greek, but something that reflects both. We have four fragments which are now included in the course for the first time, and for which we are indebted to Professor Charles.

The Letter of Aristeas is an interesting and elaborate piece of literary fiction, prepetrated by a learned Jew under the guise of a Greek scholar, giving an account of the origin of the Septuagint. It is an interesting piece of fiction, glorying in oriental fancies, beauty of scenery, etc. The story culminates in the production of a translation in seventy-two days by seventy people, a work so perfect that it is guarded by a solemn oath, and, like the Book of Revelation, it closes with a curse on anyone who takes a word from or adds thereto. It was evidently written with the religious purpose of keeping up the spirit and the loyalty of the Jews that were cast abroad. Its date is about the beginning of the first century A. D. and it was written in Greek.

"The Book of Adam and Eve" is a work even more curious, which has passed through all kinds of vicissitudes. It is extant in various versions, but not in the original, and purports to give the experience of Adam and Eve after the Fall. This is another indirect evidence of the fertility of the literary mind of the Jew at this time. How it bloomed and blossomed into these interesting stories! The two most reliable versions do not agree, but one complements the other.

The next valuable fragment is a curious collection of sayings, proverbs, etc., reminding one of the Book of Proverbs and the Wisdom of Solomon, "Poor Richard's Almanac" and the sayings of Lincoln. It is entitled the "Pirkē Aboth, or, Sayings of the Fathers," and is typical of primitive wisdom. This is also assigned to the beginning of the Christian era, and if you attend a modern Jewish Synagogue you will probably hear these quotations, just as those skilled in the Bible throw "Solomon's Wisdom" at you. This was one of the sixty-three treatises of the Mishna.

Professor Charles, in his introduction to the "Story of Ahikar," says:

> In the story of Ahikar we are probably, as in the parallel case of Tobit, in the region of folk-lore, pure and simple. We make the acquaintance of the story first of all in the supplementary pages of the Arabian Nights; we then trace it through the legends of a variety of peoples, with a growing sense of the antiquity of the common nucleus which underlies the traditions, and finally as an interesting combination of good luck with good learning, the original story turns up in an Aramaic papyrus of the fifth century B. C. among the ruins of Elephantine; in a language, that is, which had been conjectured as its original, and of an antiquity even greater than had been assigned to it by any of its investigators. The discovery followed from first suspicions to last achievement is itself almost a romance.

The hero of the tale was Grand Vizier to Sennacherib, a very good man and greatly honored. He had but one misfortune, which greatly grieved him. He was childless. He prayed for an heir that he might transmit both his wisdom and his wealth. Missing that, the next best thing was to adopt a child of his sister and make a nephew his heir. Nadan was received into his home and eight wet nurses were furnished him and he was surrounded by all the precautions necessary to make him a great and good man. Instead of growing up worthy such affection he proved very bad instead, ungracious, reckless, one who plotted until he finally secured the sentencing of his noble uncle to death. On the way to the execution some old friend managed to play a trick on the young man and a real criminal was substituted in place of Ahikar, who was hidden away. Finally the King found himself in terrible trouble and sorely needed the counsels of Ahikar and said he wished Ahikar was alive. This was the opportunity for the old servant to tell the King that Ahikar was living and to bring him forth. Ahikar was a much changed man, his hair had grown long, his beard also, and his nails had grown like the claws of the eagle. There followed a period of restoration, giving him another chance to give a lot of interesting and valuable advice.

Here is a saying to which is given almost a chapter to trace it in its various versions:

> My son, make fair thy discouse and thy behavior; for the wagging of a dog's tail gives him bread, but his jaw brings him stones.

Another version is:

> My son, sweeten thy tongue and make savory the opening of thy mouth; for the tail of a dog gives him bread, but his mouth gets him blows.

Here are other sayings:

> My son, the flock that makes many tracks becomes the portion of the wolves.
>
> My son, judge upright judgment in thy youth, in order that in thy age thou mayst have honor.
>
> My son, suffer not thy neighbor to tread on thy foot lest he tread on thy neck.
>
> My son, smite the wise man with wise word, that he may be in his heart like a fever in summer; but know that if thou smite the fool with many blows he will not understand.
>
> My son, send a wise man and give him no orders; but if thou wilt send a fool, go rather thyself and send him not.
>
> My son, if the course of water should turn backwards and if birds should fly without wings, and if the raven should become white as snow, then may a fool become wise.
>
> My son, if thou wilt be wise, refrain thy tongue from lying and thy hands from stealing.

THE D. A. R. IN MEXICO

"Who is that haughty-looking dark lady on the right?"

"That is Señora Juarez-Torreon-Varanza-Quilla, of Mexico."

"And what are all those badges, buttons, and medals with which she is almost covered?"

"Why, she's a Daughter of Three Hundred and Twenty-nine Revolutions!"—*Judge.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.

MON.—We pardon in the degree that we love.

TUES.—Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

WED.—A man who is ungrateful is often less to blame than his benefactor.

THURS.—Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself.

FRI.—The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.

SAT.—We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.

Duc de la Rochefoucauld.

WAR—TO A WOMAN.

Night after night wide-eyed with fear
The tramp of marching feet I hear!
The white battalions of the dead
Advancing with a thudding tread
That chills my blood, and robs my brain
Of power to think! When I would fain
Flee from the sound—no matter where
I go, that tramp, tramp, tramp is there!

Each night the sound grows louder—I
Shudder to learn the reason why!
The ranks have swelled from sun to sun,
And fresh recruiting is begun
When every reddening dawn re-tolls
The death knell of ten thousand souls!

Up country lane and city street
The armies that know no retreat
Come marching without fife or drum—
With that strange thudding tread they come!

Hark! They are drawing nearer! See!
What have they come to ask of me?
Now they are halting at my door!
Death is demanding of me—*more!*
Merciful God! Must I, too, give
All that I have? Why should I live
And love and bear? Is it to feed
Just an insatiate monarch's greed?

They've gone! And down that bleeding track
Of women's hearts—none looking back—
That ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp goes on,
And I am kneeling here—alone!

New York Evening Post. *Anne P. L. Field.*

Everybody's Friend

For the first time in his comparatively brief career, our Uncle Sam is figuring in a great world drama as Everybody's Friend. Every nation that is taking part in the war turned to him as it went in, with the request, "Uncle, please hold my coat." He is the universal neutral, and as such is acting in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Petrograd, Tokyo and Brussels, as agent pro tem in charge of the embassies and legations, the regular officers of which have had to go home. Besides that, he has been a sort of court of appeal for all of Europe. All the warring nations, confident of his neutrality, seem to want all his sympathy and approval. Belgium sends a formal delegation to the President to remonstrate against German barbarities, and to lay her proofs before the American people. The Kaiser, *per contra,* complains to the President that the French use dumdum bullets and submits his proofs. The Germans, finding American sympathies strongly with the allies, use every means and man they can to reverse that sentiment. The case of England has been, and continues to be, spread before us by the page in our newspapers, where the best known writers in England make their argument and their appeal in cabled letters. Never before have these States been made to feel so positivly that they are indeed a member, and a very prominent member, of the family of nations.

It is all flattering, of course, to our national pride, but it also carries great opportunities for usefulness, and therefore lays upon us a great responsibility. With England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Servia and Japan at war, and China so weak politically as to be helpless, our country is the only strong man in the world who is free to be helpful to all the rest. Heaven send that we may help abundantly and with timely intelligence as well as with benevolence! To avoid offense, to be just and considerate, to succor the distressed, and to bring heart and brains to the relief of Europe at the right juncture—those are high duties, to be unselfishly essayed. Technically, this is not our war; but actually it is the war of all Christendom, full of moment to everyone on earth, and to unborn generations of men. Actually, we have a great part in it—a part secured to us by our size, and strength, and standing; by our close relations of blood and commerce with all the combatants; and by the fact that none of them fear us, and that we, so far away, fear none of them, and want nothing from any of them except fair dealing and a chance to help mankind.

—*Youths' Companion.*

Mail Boxes Indicate Our Commercial Activity

A German statistician has figured out that the number of collection boxes used by the postal authorities of each nation may serve as an indication of commercial activity. According to his information the nations rank commercially as follows: Germany, with 155,766 boxes for collection of mail; the United States, with 144,640; France, 79,724; British India, 75,083; United Kingdom, 71,986; Japan, 67,694; Austria-Hungary, 59,503; Italy, 39,767; Russia, 31,714. Other countries range from Switzerland with 13,472, to Persia with 17, and Abyssinia with only 6.

—*Popular Mechanics.*

A Spiked Band for Poison Bottles

The safety-first campaign which is being urged on every hand finds a quick response in devices to make accidental mistakes in handling poisonous substances less frequent, if not impossible. One poison signal is shown that consists of a rubber band, armed with small rubber spikes projecting from it and is placed about a bottle, round or square boxes or packages in which poisonous substances are offered for sale or distribution, giving an unmistakable warning to any person picking up or handling it. The band is very flexible and there is sufficient elasticity in the rubber of which it is made to allow it to be placed about bottles of various sizes and shapes.

—*Popular Mechanics.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country ,to do Good is my Religion."

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

The Corporate Body of the Abraham Lincoln Centre held its annual business meeting at the Centre last Thursday, the 12th of November. After enjoying an excellent dinner, President James P. Gardner called the meeting to order and the routine business was transacted.

Mr. S. W. Lamson, the Treasurer, made a report of the present condition of the $100,000 endowment fund, which has all been subscribed, and nearly all paid in, the receipt of a substantial sum by way of bequest, and the otherwise healthy condition of the affairs of the Centre.

In anticipation of the fuller reports to be offered at the annual meeting of All Souls Church in January, and the later publication of same, Mr. Jones suggested that the interest of this meeting would center around four particular activities, viz.: The Lincoln Centre Farm, the boys' work at the Centre, the girls' similar work and the UNITY Endowment Fund of $30,000.

Mrs. L. M. Smith, speaking for the first of these, said that over $10,000 had been paid into the treasury. One building had been completed and was used during the last summer for groups of visiting boys and girls, two other buildings are about completed and are nearly paid for, and other very necessary buildings await the further donations which both Mrs. Smith and Mr. Jones seem to be confident are sure to come and to come easily, judging by the past, to help this splendid undertaking.

Mrs. E. E. Smith made an enthusiastic report of what she called "citizenship" work among the two hundred and more boys belonging to the Lincoln Centre clubs. She plead particularly for more benches, tools and materials for the Manual Training Department, where a long line of active boys hungrily wait for a chance to fit themselves for usefulness. The need for a separate Gymnasium building still presses.

Then Mrs. Pinckney spoke for the girls and their desires and ambitions. ten, dancing and the music departments are flourishing, though the musical aspirants are over-crowding the present opportunities.

The near completion of the $30,000 Endowment Fund for UNITY was reported on by its staunch friend, Mrs. Shears-Carnovale. After her pleasant experience in raising about $900 in last week's session of the Tuesday morning class, she hopes to be able to come into the All Souls Annual Meeting in January with a fund not only subscribed but paid in and drawing interest.

The various sewing and domestic science classes, as well as the kindergar-

Brief addresses of appreciation of and encouragement for the work of the Centre were made by various members of the board and their guests, including Mr. Blewett Lee, Judge Pinckney of the Juvenile Court, and Professors Moore and Tufts of the University of Chicago. The meeting adjourned after re-electing the present officers. A. L. K.

CAN WOMEN STOP WAR?

In the November *Woman's Home Companion* great emphasis is laid on a chapter reproduced from Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor," in which the suggestion is made that women can stop war if they are given greater voice in the management of governments. A brief extract from Mrs. Schreiner's argument follows:

"There is, perhaps, no woman who could look down upon a battlefield covered with slain, but the thought would rise in her, 'So many mothers' sons! So many young bodies brought into the world to lie there! So many months of weariness and pain while bones and muscles were shaped within! So many hours of anguish and struggle that breath might be! So many baby mouths drawing life at women's breasts;—all this, that men might lie with glazed eyeballs, and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths, and great limbs tossed!' And we cry, 'Without an inexorable cause, this must not be!' No woman who is a woman says of a human body, 'It is nothing!'

"Woman will end war when her voice

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is fully and clearly heard in the governance of states—because, on this one point, and on this point almost alone, the knowledge of woman, simply as woman, is superior to that of man. She knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; he does not.

"In a besieged city, it might well happen that men in the streets might seize upon statues and marble carvings from public buildings and galleries and hurl them in to stop the breaches made in their ramparts by the enemy, unconsideringly and merely because they came first to hand, not valuing them more than had they been paving stones. One man, however, could not do this—the sculptor. He, who, though there might be no work of his own chisel among them, yet knew what each of these works of art had cost, knew by experience the long years of struggle and study and the infinitude of toil which had gone to the shaping of even one limb, to the carving of even one perfected outline, he could never so use them without thought or care. Instinctively he would seek to throw in household goods, even gold and silver, all the city held, before he sacrificed its works of art!

"Men's bodies are our woman's works of art. Given to us power to control, we will never carelessly throw them in to fill up the gaps in ambitions and greeds. The thought would never come to us as woman, 'Cast in men's bodies; settle the thing so!'"

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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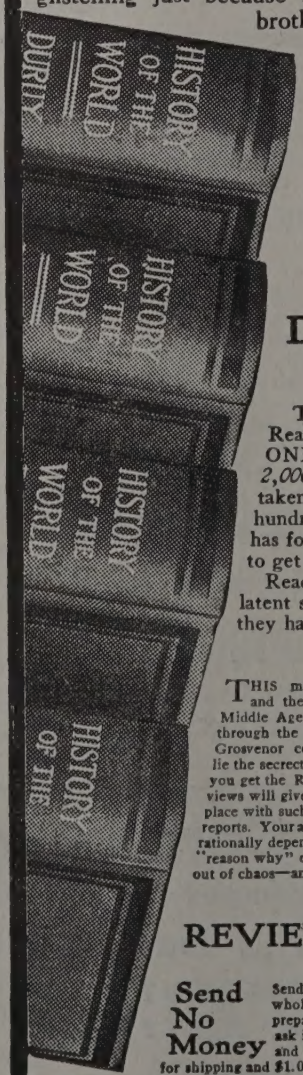

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